

Graveyard Superstitions.

It is seldom that one hears nowadays of the superstitions of the past. In many an English country village, the old-world notions which gave rise to them having died out, owing perhaps to the introduction of railways and school boards. Thus in the north of England it was customary, only a few years ago, to carry "the dead with the sun" to the grave—a practice corresponding with the Highland usage of making "the deasil" or walking three times round a person according to the course of the sun. On one occasion, in the village of Stranton, near West Hartlepool, the vicar was standing at the church-yard gate, awaiting the arrival of the funeral procession, when, much to his surprise, the entire group, which had come within a few yards of him, suddenly turned back and marched round the church-yard wall, thus traversing its west, north and east boundaries. On inquiring the reason of this extraordinary procedure, one of the mourners quickly replied, "Why, ye wad no hae them carry the dead again the sun; the dead man ay go wi' the sun." This is not unlike a Welsh custom mentioned by Pennant, who tells us that when a corpse was conveyed to the church-yard from any part of the town great care was always taken that it should be carried the whole distance on the right-hand side of the road. From time immemorial there has been a strong feeling of repugnance among the inhabitants of rural parishes to burial "without the sanctuary." This does not mean in unconsecrated ground, but on the north side of the church, or in a remote corner of the church-yard. The origin of this prejudice is said to have been the notion that the northern part was that which was appropriated to the interment of unbaptized infants, excommunicated persons, or such as had laid violent hands upon themselves. Hence it was popularly known as "the wrong side of the church." In many parishes, therefore, this spot remained unoccupied, while the remaining portion of the church-yard was crowded. White, in his *History of Selborne*, alluding to this superstition, says that as most people wished to be buried on the south side of the church-yard, it became such a mass of mortality that no person could be interred "without disturbing or displacing the bones of his ancestors." Great attention has generally been paid, also, to the position of the grave, the popular one being from east to west, while that from north to south has been considered not only dishonorable, but unlucky.

A curious surviving custom at Welsh funerals is termed the "parson's penny." After reading the burial service in the church, the clergyman stands behind a table while a psalm is being sung. In the mean time each of the mourners places a piece of money on the table for his acceptance. This ceremony is regarded as a token of respect to the deceased, although it was no doubt originally intended to compensate the clergyman for praying for the soul of the departed. In some Welsh parishes, also, a similar custom, called "spade-money," is kept up. After the corpse has been committed to its resting-place, the grave-digger presents his spade as a receptacle for donations, these offerings, which often amount to a goodly sum, being regarded as his perquisite. In Yorkshire, at the funerals of the rich in former days, it was customary to hand "burnt wine" to the company in a silver flagon, out of which every one drank. This beverage seems to have been a heated preparation of port-wine with sugar and spice, and should any remain, it was sent round in the flagon to the houses of friends for distribution. This, of course, was a species of funeral feast, called in the north of England an "arval"—a lingering survival of the offerings that originally were made to the ghost of the deceased.

Among the superstitions that still cling to the church-yard may be mentioned one that has existed from the most remote period, and which has invested it with an atmosphere of dread—it having been generally supposed that they are haunted by specters and apparitions. Indeed, it has been truly pointed out by Mr. Taylor that through all the changes of religious thought from first to last in the course of human history, the hovering ghosts of the dead make the midnight burial-ground a place where men's flesh creeps with terror.

An ingenious method for obviating the frequent stoppage of trains at stations, and yet accommodating the passengers at these stations, has been devised by M. Hanrez, a Frenchman. A "waiting carriage," comprising a steam engine with special gear and space for passengers and luggage, is placed on a siding at the station, and picked up by the train as it goes past. The latter, by means of a hook on its last carriage, catches a ring supported on a post and connected with a cable wound on a drum in the waiting carriage. Thereupon the drum begins to unwind, and in doing so compresses a system of springs, while the carriage is moved at a rate gradually increasing to that of the train. The engine of the carriage then winds in the cable, the train and carriage are connected, passengers are transferred (the carriages being of the American type) from the joined carriage to the train, and vice versa, then the two are disconnected, and the engine of the carriage working on the wheels brings it back to the station whence it was taken.

FRENCH physicians have found brandy to be a perfect antidote to drunkenness from beer, and a French paper declares that cabbage is a sovereign remedy, or rather, antidote, against intoxication, and that by eating a certain amount people may drink at libitum afterward without inconvenience.

DURING a late thunder storm near London, England, a great ball of fire was seen to descend from the clouds into a lake. After the storm over a hundred dead fish, including two carp, weighing together 32 pounds, were found floating on the surface, near the spot where the fire-ball was seen to strike.

JOHN E. OWENS, the actor, has given up the stage for mining speculation in San Francisco.

Harvesting and Storing Turnips.

VARIOUS methods for harvesting this crop, which in Pennsylvania is not a very extensive one, are now on the tapis. We speak of turnips, proper—not rutabagas. The last improved method is to harrow the crop out and load them with a three-pronged hay-fork! This may be rather expeditious and answer well enough where the turnips are to be fed to the cattle, but is the worst possible way if they are to be marketed, as purchasers will not look at a cut, and bruised article. It will be found, "we guess," that the old-fashioned way of pulling them out with the hands and throwing them in heaps, and cutting the tops off with a sharp knife, will prove the best after all. It is useless to attempt to shirk the labor, if the crop is to be harvested in the best manner and a good price is expected to be obtained for them.

Of all the roots perhaps the turnip is the most impatient of heat. It starts to grow on the slightest provocation. In a cellar of not over forty degrees, one may find it growing freely, after an incarceration of but a few weeks. It is growth which is the great enemy of preservation, and it is heat which excites growth. There is a natural heat in roots when put in a heap—a little heat from one root and a little more from another soon makes a pretty high degree; but in the open field this is carried off by the open air about the pile. Hence, under cover of near protection, this natural heat is not carried off. It accumulates, the roots sprout, and thus give off more heat, and it all soon becomes a regular turnip stew. The turnip, indeed, does not mind a little frost. If they were put in small lots in stalls, where the frost could get at them, and covered with straw to prevent rapid thawing, they would keep better than if covered with earth, which rather serves, as we have seen, to collect the heat and keep it close.

As to how best to keep turnips, that will of course depend on each person's conveniences. But if each one keeps in view the fact that heat is more likely to injure them than cold—and a very low degree at that—he will readily find out when he looks about what is the best way for him to preserve them. —*German Town Telegraph.*

Materials for Roads.

It is the practice of many highway surveyors to have the ditches by the sides of roads cleaned out in the fall of the year, and the earth that has washed into them thrown on top of the road-bed. They think it is advantageous to have the top of the road raised as high as possible, and they know that it is necessary to have the ditches cleaned out so that the water may have a chance to run. They have an idea that they can accomplish two desirable things at the same time, if in taking the washings from the ditches they throw them on top of the road. In point of fact they are doing very great injury to the road. An examination of the composition of the material removed from the ditches will show that it is entirely unsuited for forming a good road-bed. It consists, largely of forest leaves and grass blown by the wind, and of manure and soft soil washed down by the rain. It has water like a sponge. When wet it has about the same consistency as barn-yard manure. A slight rain converts it into mud; a continuous drouth causes it to be reduced to a fine dust by passing wagons. In the winter it freezes, and in the spring it thaws out, leaving the road in the condition of mire.

The rain ordinarily washes from roads the droppings of horses and cattle, and the soft earth that should not have been placed on them. In this respect it improves roads more than it injures them. The material washed off should not be put back. It is a good manure, and it will pay to haul and spread it on fields that are near the ditches where it accumulates. It is an excellent manure for sandy soils, and can be easily handled when it is neither very wet nor very dry. If farmers will not remove it for manure, it should be thrown away from the road, and not upon it. A road should be composed of materials that will not readily wash away, and which will not absorb much water, and which will become tolerably compact by the tread of animals and the pressure made by the wheels of vehicles. The material that is cheapest and most available in the majority of locations is clean gravel. The substance that often passes by the name of gravel, but which is a mixture of small stones, and sticky clay, and mud, is entirely unsuitable for covering roads. The best gravel is obtained from the banks of running streams or from the beds of streams that are now dry. It meets every requirement. —*Chicago Times.*

PLANTS.—House plants, if kept too long in the sun, are much injured by the intense heat, and are often killed by the root-rotting to which they are subjected, the surface of the pots often becoming so heated that the hand can not be placed upon them without being burned. The poor roots, that generally hug the sides of the pots closely, have, indeed, a sorry time of it under these conditions. The best of them, too, are always in the worst place; that is, on the outside of the pots and in closest proximity to the hottest portion. Roses are frequently badly injured by exposure of the surface roots to too great heat. Camellias, azaleas, and many others, will not endure heat on the sides of their pots. Heat at the wrong place and wrong time is fatal to many plants, which die in spite of careful attention. Double potting is an excellent way to guard against this evil.

THE Chinese farmer sinks earthen jars of large capacity into the ground. Into these all the manure materials are put, when water is added, and the mass stirred, from time to time, until everything is dissolved that can be brought to that condition. It is then taken out by the painful, and applied to the root of the plant with a little dipper. The Chinaman broadcasts no manure, as he sows nothing broadcast; he always applies it in a liquid shape, and directly to the plant; and it is notorious that few anywhere in the world can beat him as an agriculturist.

The best way of treating steel jewelry which has become rusty by lying by, is to rub it with rotten stone and oil.

HOME AND FARM.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—One cup cold boiled rice; one pint flour; one teaspoon salt; two eggs beaten light; milk to make a tolerable thick batter. Beat all well together.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Cultivator* laid stone drains half a century ago, and they are still open and doing good service. Boggy ground is productive of fine fruit instead of malaria in one field, and in another two crops of hay have been cut annually for eleven consecutive years without reseeded or application of any fertilizer.

ONIONS FOR GARNISH.—Take some middling sized onions, cut them crosswise in slices, reject the small pieces in the center. Put the larger ones on a cloth with some flour; shake them about on this so as to get them well floured all over; put them in the frying basket, shake off superfluous flour, and plunge the basket in very hot fat. As soon as they begin to color, lift them off, sprinkle fine salt over them and they are ready.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.—Butter your pie dish well, and strew the bottom with currants and candied peel; then place alternate layers of bread and butter in rather thin slices, and the peel and currants, until the dish is nearly full, observing to have currants at the top; then pour over, slowly and equally, a custard of sweetened milk and two or three eggs, flavored to taste, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

Many farmers injure their farm implements more by exposure to the weather than by the use on the farm. An implement which with good care would last twenty years, will, when exposed to the weather, become useless in five years or even less. A farm cart which, with good usage, would last almost a lifetime, will last only a few years when exposed to the weather.

EGG'S PUDDING.—Half a pound of grated bread, half a pound of chopped green apples, half a pound of chopped raisins, quarter of a pound of granulated sugar, quarter of a pound of sifted suet (after it is chopped and sifted), half a nutmeg, salt-pon of salt and one cup of sweet cider. Mix all the ingredients. Boil in scalded bag or buttered mold three hours, or steam four, and serve with hot lemon sauce.

FLAKY CRUST is easily made, and is very good for pies and tarts. For this put half a pound of flour into a bowl with a small pinch of salt, half a teaspoon of butter, and half a cup of cold water. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, then make into a stiff paste by stirring in the white of one egg whisked to a stiff froth and mixed with a little cold water. Take now half the weight of flour in butter or clarified dripping, or a mixture of the two, and divide it into two portions. Roll the pastry out one way till it is a quarter of an inch thick, spread one portion of the butter upon it, dredge flour over, fold it in three, and turn it round with the rough edges to the front. Roll it out again, spread the rest of the butter on it, dredge flour over once more, and roll it again to the thickness required for use. Pastry thus made is excellent for meat pies.

THANKSGIVING CHICKEN PIE.—Cut up a chicken, and for fricassees, and partly cook them in as little water as possible, but with a thick root of chopped celery. Take them out upon a platter, and to the liquor add a seasoning of pepper and salt. Strain a quart of oysters, butter a baking-dish, and over the bottom lay a layer of butter-crackers, then a layer of oysters, then a layer of chicken, then more oysters and more chicken, a few split crackers (buttered) between, until the dish is full. Bake with a puff paste cover, after having poured over the strained and seasoned liquid in which the chicken has cooked. Bake in a moderate oven a full hour or more, covering the crust if necessary.

Fencing.

AMONG the most perplexing questions affecting agriculturists at the present time is the subject of fencing—with what material to fence that will be durable and at the same time safe from endangering the life of stock. The old-time wooden rail fence can not be thought of except in timber regions. The fence of posts and boards will last but a few years until it decays. The osage hedge answers an excellent purpose where there are no weak spots in the line, but they are frequent, and on much of the land the whole thing is impracticable. The barbed wire has of late been the material round which the hope of the farmer has centered, and this, while making a barrier for the large domestic animals that is impregnable, has other serious objections that render an absolute reliance upon it as extremely doubtful. From very many sources come the complaint of valuable animals being lacerated and sometimes maimed for life from coming in contact with it. Not long since an acquaintance came very near losing an eye, while putting up a line of barbed wire, caused by the staple intended to hold the wire in place flying out, and the wire being drawn out of a straight line flew in the face of the operator, striking him just above the eye and tearing the eyebrow. This material has not been long enough in use to thoroughly test its durability, and it may be an open question whether rust may not soon corrode it and weaken it in spots and thus become short-lived.

Wherever practicable we would advise the use of the osage orange and make live hedges. This requires frequent trimming to keep it down to a proper height and in good form, but this will involve no more labor than the occasional repairing of wood fences, besides being durable.

It is possible that our domestic animals, through a greater familiarity with the barbed wire fence, will become so accustomed to look out for its presence as to be more on the alert and thus avert the serious consequences that have so often attended its use so far. Yet even the opinion that to make it completely safe from danger to animals in the midst of their playful gambols, it will be necessary that some more bulky and consequently more visible substance be attached at frequent intervals to indicate its presence. But this will add materially to the expense of the fence. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Terrible Octopus.

THE ferocity of the octopus is undeniable; but doubt has hitherto been cast on the old stories which represent this unpleasant creature as being in the habit of seizing and swamping boats. It is admitted by scientific naturalists that the hideous thing, known to the ancient world as the polypus, and to modern boatmen as the cuttlefish or squid, attains to a portentous size and strength in the warmer seas, and is very powerful and even dangerous. Its voracity and the peculiar violence with which it attacks and rends its prey are well known to those persons who have seen it, weakened by captivity, and rendered less eagerly ravenous by the abundance of food ready to its thousand hands. To speak by the card, these number 960 in all, and are rather to be called fingers than hands. But what fingers! Each is a powerful sucker that expands and contracts with rapid and ever-changing motion, and there are one hundred and twenty of them to each of the eight long, writhing, restless arms. With eyes fixed on its adversary, the encounter, this most unsightly of all living things inspires awe by its loathsomeness not less than by its power to harm. That it will turn and fasten upon a human being, if angered or menaced with capture, is a well-established fact; and a recent occurrence reported from Adelaide goes far to revive the old story that a polypus will venture on attacking the hull of a boat. A telegram from Port Elliot, published in the South Australian papers, states that on the 20th of August last "Trooper Bruce and a man named Edward were out in the bay near Lipson's Island, examining a piece of wreckage, when their boat was encircled by the tentacles of a large octopus and pulled over till it was nearly half full of water, and in great danger of being swamped. The occupants escaped with the utmost difficulty." —*London Telegraph.*

—Dr. S. Gibbon, medical officer of health for the Holborn district, in his report for the past year, states that, whatever may be the cause, there is no doubt that a Jew's life in London is, on the average, worth twice as many years as a Christian's. The Hebrews of the metropolis are notoriously exempt from tubercular and scrofulous taint. It is very rare that one meets with pulmonary consumption among them. The medical officer of one of their large schools has remarked that their children do not die in anything like the same ratio as Gentile children; and in the district of Whitechapel the medical officer of health has reported that on the north side of High Street, occupied by the Jews, the average death rate is 20 per 1,000, while on the south side, occupied by English and Irish, it is 43 per 1,000.

—A young woman, 16 years old, attempted suicide by taking laudanum at a hotel in Savannah, Ga.; but was accidentally discovered in time to save her life. She had been clandestinely married some time since to a young man, who grew tired of her and was trying to get her to leave the State.

[Cleveland Penny Press.]
To relieve the monotony of the constant next sayings of "Our Candidate," "Our Next President" and "Our Fellow-Citizen," it is a pleasure for us to present herewith the opinion of one of Cleveland's most popular Druggists, Mr. E. A. Schellentrager, 717 St. Clair Street. The gentleman writes: I know of no remedy which has given more universal satisfaction than the Hamburg Drops. I have not heard of a case where they failed to benefit. The very large and daily growing demand for this Great German Blood Purifier, is a source of high gratification, for aside from the pecuniary gain, one takes pleasure in selling an article of such marked efficacy and superior merit.

UNCLE MOSE met the pastor of a colored church yesterday on Galveston avenue and asked him: "I say, pastor, is dat a fac what you preach, dat a man and his wife are equal?" "Dat ar our gospel troot," "Well, parson, ef you will come down after dark on Abenoo L, when Brudder Bones an' his wife Sukey am drunk, and bangin one anuder, an' listen to de racket, you will be willing to swear dey is ten or fifteen." —*Galveston News.*

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]
He Would Run Like Lightning.
Speaking of candidates and records, it is safe to say that if a man could be nominated for the highest office in the land, with as clear a record for being the fittest, safest and the best, as our famous German friend St. Jacobs Oil has, there would be no doubt of an election. Party, creed, or denomination would not enter into the canvass. Many of our most influential citizens are enthusiastic upon the subject of this wonderful oil.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, November 4, 1880.	
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	7 40 @ 10 50
CATTLE—Dressed.....	11 00 @ 11 50
FLOUR—Good to Choice.....	4 75 @ 5 50
WHEAT—Red, No. 2.....	1 17 @ 1 18 1/2
SPRING, No. 2.....	1 14 @ 1 15
CORN—No. 2.....	56 @ 57
OATS—Western Mixed.....	38 @ 39 1/2
PORK—New Mess.....	14 75 @ 15 00
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling.....	10 00 @ 10 10 1/2
BEEVES—Choice.....	5 10 @ 5 40
Good to Prime.....	4 75 @ 5 00
Native Cows.....	2 25 @ 3 00
TEXAS STEERS.....	2 50 @ 3 00
HOES—Common to Select.....	4 20 @ 4 55
SHEEP—Fair to Choice.....	3 00 @ 4 00
FLOUR—XXX to Choice.....	4 25 @ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 3.....	97 @ 97 1/2
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	39 @ 39 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	34 @ 35
RYE—No. 2.....	84 @ 85
TOBACCO—Dark Leaf.....	4 00 @ 4 25
EGGS—Standard.....	12 @ 12 1/2
HAY—Choice Timothy.....	14 50 @ 15 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy.....	24 @ 25
EGGS—Standard.....	14 @ 14 1/2
BACON—Clear Rib.....	6 00 @ 6 10
POULTRY—Prime Wren.....	67 1/2 @ 68 1/2
WOOL—Tub washed, Med'm.....	20 @ 21
Unwashed.....	20 @ 21
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	4 50 @ 5 50
HOES—Good to Choice.....	4 50 @ 5 00
SHEEP—Fair to Choice.....	3 00 @ 3 50
FLOUR—Winter.....	5 00 @ 5 50
SPRING.....	5 00 @ 5 50
WHEAT—Spring No. 2.....	1 18 @ 1 20 1/2
Red No. 2.....	1 15 @ 1 16 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	39 @ 39 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	28 @ 29
RYE.....	81 @ 82
PORK—Mess.....	14 00 @ 14 25
ST. PAUL.	
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	7 75 @ 8 50
Native Cows.....	2 50 @ 3 25
HOES—Sales at.....	4 00 @ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2.....	1 18 @ 1 20
Red No. 2.....	1 15 @ 1 16 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	39 @ 39 1/2
OATS—No. 2 Mixed.....	28 @ 29
RYE.....	81 @ 82
NEW ORLEANS.	
FLOUR—High Grades.....	5 15 @ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2.....	1 18 @ 1 20
OATS—Choice.....	46 @ 47
HAY—Choice.....	22 @ 24 00
POULTRY—Prime Wren.....	67 1/2 @ 68 1/2
BACON—Clear Rib.....	6 00 @ 6 10
COTTON—Middling.....	10 00 @ 10 10 1/2

No More Hard Times.
If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing, get more real and substantial things of life every day, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. —*Chronicle.*

"There is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added: "I'm glad there isn't!" —*Rockester Herald.*

Are you wearing out from excessive labor, care, grief or old age? If so, then no food or medicine can restore your strength, your sleep and your spirits like Malt Bitters, made of Unfermented Malt, Hops, Calisaya and Iron.

PATSON'S INDELEIBLE MARKING INK has a record of fifty years. Sample mailed for 30c. by F. H. Stoddard & Co., Northampton, Pa.

It afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WILSON'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

Would not be without Redding's Rasale Salve, is the verdict of all who use it.

The Frazer Azie Grease is the best and only Genuine. We know it.

What Druggists Say.
I have sold Pico's Cure for Consumption for over ten years, and have used it myself for Coughs or Colds at different times. I find it fully as good as you get it. —*J. S. HYER, Braxton, W. Va.*

I am selling great quantities of Pico's Cure for Consumption, having had Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma for a number of years, and all other medicinal cures, but only Pico's Cure.

Nothing enters me like Pico's Cure.
—*Wm. H. Kenna, Monticello, Ill.*

October 10, 1880.

I sell \$120 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 sent free. Address: Ernest & Co., Portland, Me.

\$72 A WEEK, \$18 a day at home easily made. Costs nothing to start. Address: T. B. Co., Augusta, Me.

25 CENTS each at all your Cords and Baskets. Address: OLIVER BLISS, M.D., Wilmington, Del.

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GUNS, Revolvers, Etc. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Providence, R. I.

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